

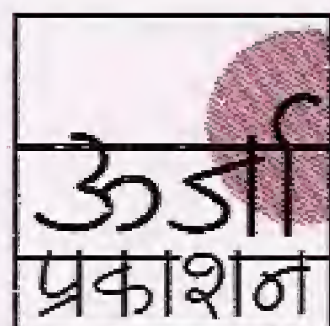
My Nest My Home

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**Vitali
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MY NEST...
MY HOME**

illustrations : May Miturich



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FOREST HOMES

High over the river, above a steep cliff, young river swallows darted back and forth chasing each other, shrilling and twittering. They were playing tag in the air. Little Swallow was so quick that no one could catch her. She always managed to duck or dart away. She would fly hither and thither, up and down, streaking off so fast her wings never stopped moving, not even for a moment.

Suddenly, Falcon appeared in the blue sky. The wind whistled through the feathers of his sharply-curved wings. The flock of swallows was terror-stricken. They scattered instantly, each swallow flying off in a different direction. In a flash, they were gone.

Little Swallow never once looked back as she winged away over





the river, the wood and the lake beyond. Falcon was a very dangerous bird to play tag with.

Little Swallow flew on until she had no strength to fly any farther. Then she turned to look back. No one was chasing her but she was in a strange place. She saw a river, but this was not a familiar river. It was one she had never seen before.

Little Swallow became frightened. She could not recall the way back home and no wonder, for she had been so terrified, she had never looked around to get her bearings.

It would soon be evening. What was she to do?

She flew down, perched on a twig and wept bitterly. Suddenly, she saw a little yellow bird come running along the sand. Little Swallow was happy to see it. "Won't you please tell me how to get home?" she said.

"Where are you from?"

"I don't know."

Then why don't you stay over at my house? My name is Plover, and I live nearby."

Plover ran off a few steps and pointed his beak at the sand. Then he

bowed, and swayed on his spindly legs and said, "Here's my house. Come on in."

Little Swallow looked hard, but could not see anything that resembled a house, only sand and pebbles.

"Can't you see it? Here, over here, where the eggs are." Little Swallow finally made out the four speckled eggs.

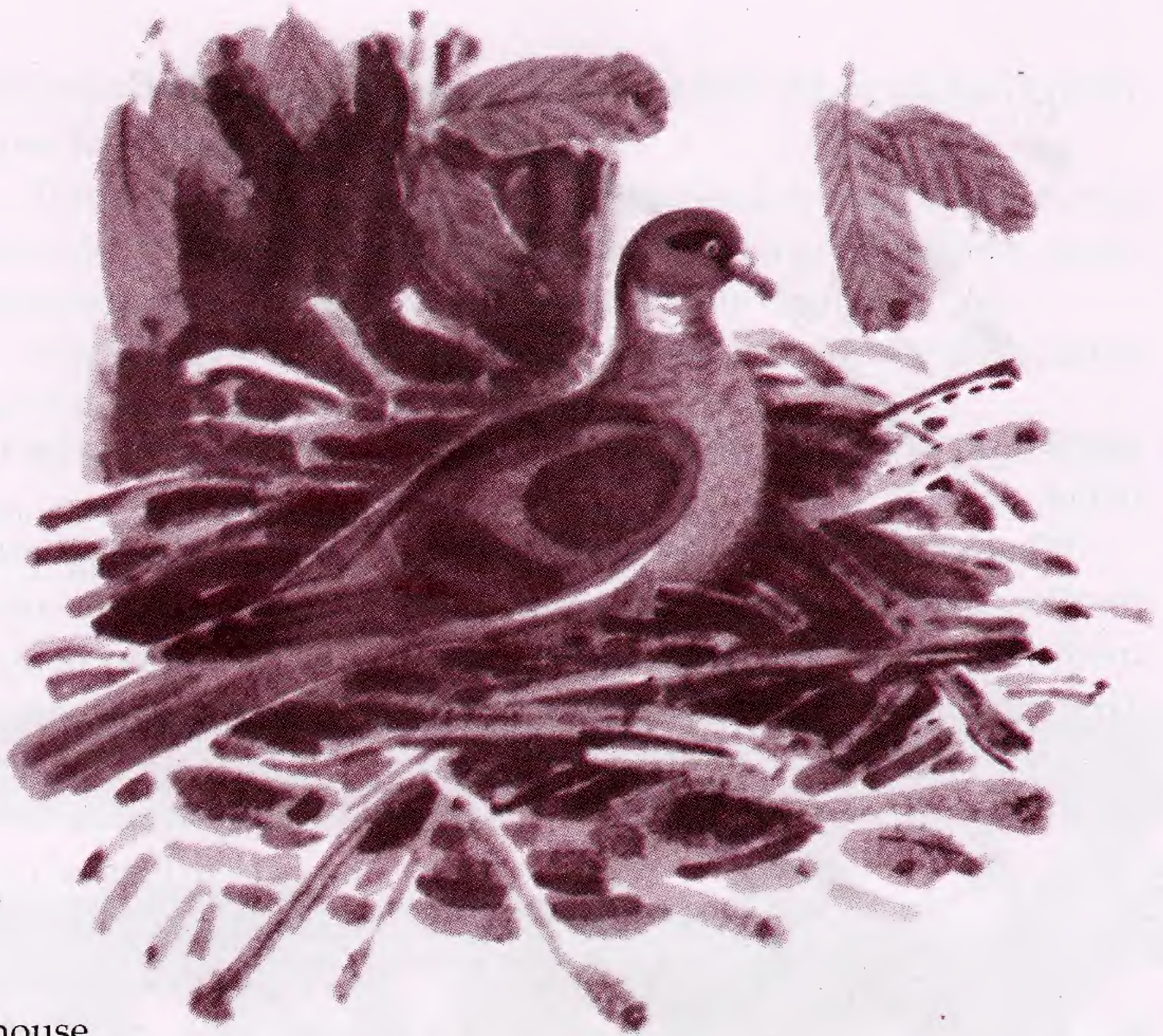
"What's the matter?, Don't you like my house?"

Little Swallow didn't know what to say. If she said it was no house at all, Plover would be hurt. So she said, "I'm not used to sleeping out in the open on cold sand."

"That's too bad. Try Dove's house in the fir grove over there. He has a house with a floor. You can spend the night there."

"Thank you." Little Swallow flew off to the fir grove. She had no trouble finding Dove and asked him to let her spend the night at his





house.

"All right, if you like it here."

Actually, all there was to his house was a floor. It was as full of holes as a sieve. He had simply thrown some twigs across the branches every which way.

Little Swallow was surprised. "There's only a floor. Your house doesn't have any walls. How can you sleep here?"

"Well, if you want a house that has walls, you'd better try Oriole's place. I think you'll like it."

Dove told Little Swallow the address: the most beautiful birch tree in the grove. Little Swallow flew off towards the birch grove. All the trees there seemed beautiful to her. She searched hard for Oriole's house. Then she saw a lovely little house attached to a small branch. It



seemed very cozy and looked just like a rose made of fine bits of gray paper.

"What a tiny house Oriole has! There's no room for me at all," Little Swallow said to herself. Still, she decided to knock. At that very moment, a swarm of hornets came buzzing out of the little gray house. They swarmed around her and buzzed angrily. They looked as though they might sting her.



Little Swallow flew away from them as fast as she could!

All of a sudden something gold and black flashed by. Then Little Swallow made out a golden bird with black wings on one of the branches. "Where are you hurrying to, Little Swallow?"

"I'm looking for Oriole's house."

"I'm Oriole. My house is right here on this beautiful birch tree."

Little Swallow looked at the spot, but could not see anything except

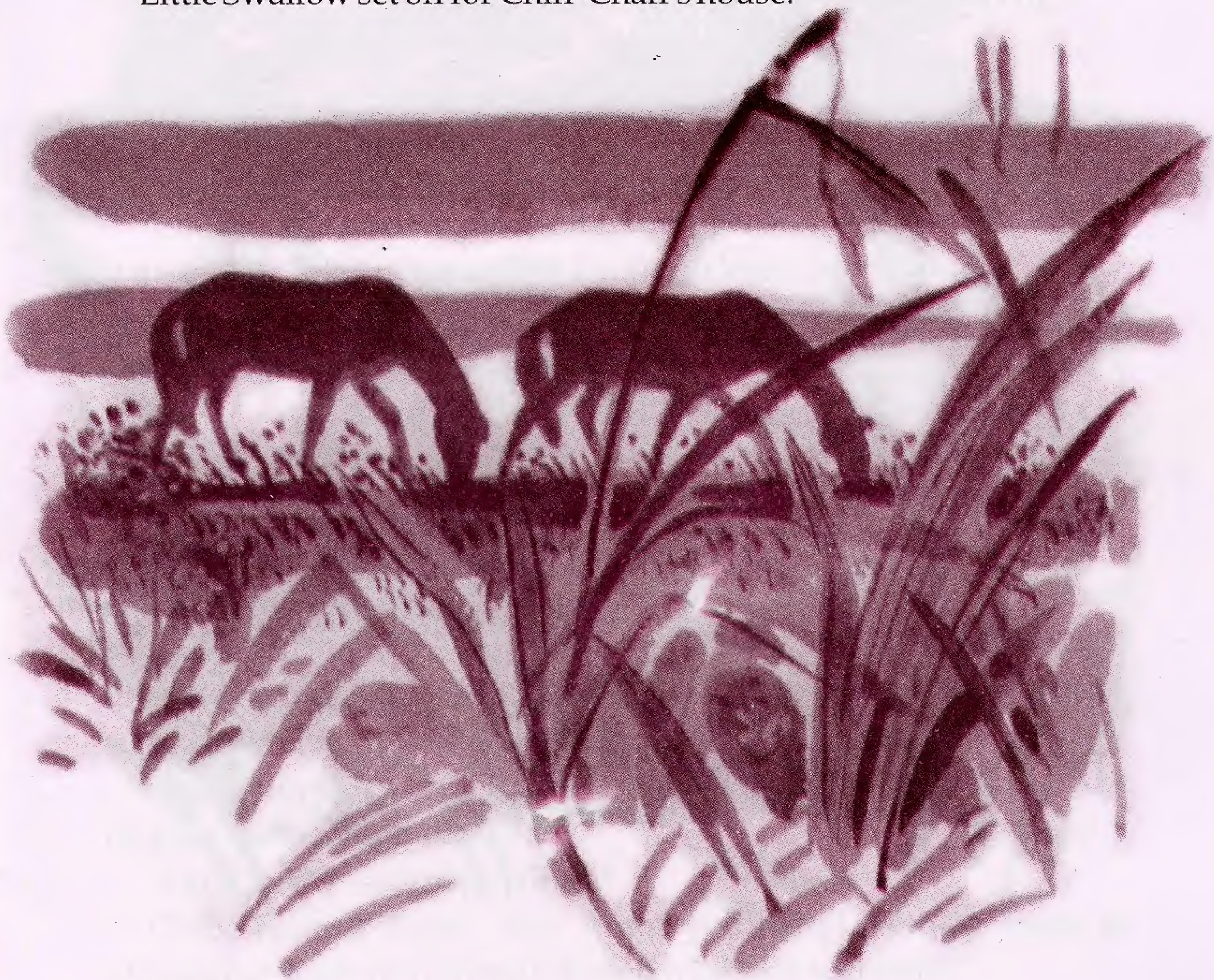
the green leaves and white branches of the tree. When she had a really good look she gasped.

There, high above the ground, a light, pocket-shaped basket was attached to a little branch. It was beautifully woven of fibers, grass, strands of wool and hair, and bits of paper-thin birch bark.

"Oh! I'd never stay in such a flimsy house! It makes me dizzy just to see it swinging in the wind! "

Golden Oriole sounded hurt as she said, "Then go to Chiff-Chaff's house. You'll probably like her tent, because it has a roof."

Little Swallow set off for Chiff-Chaff's house.

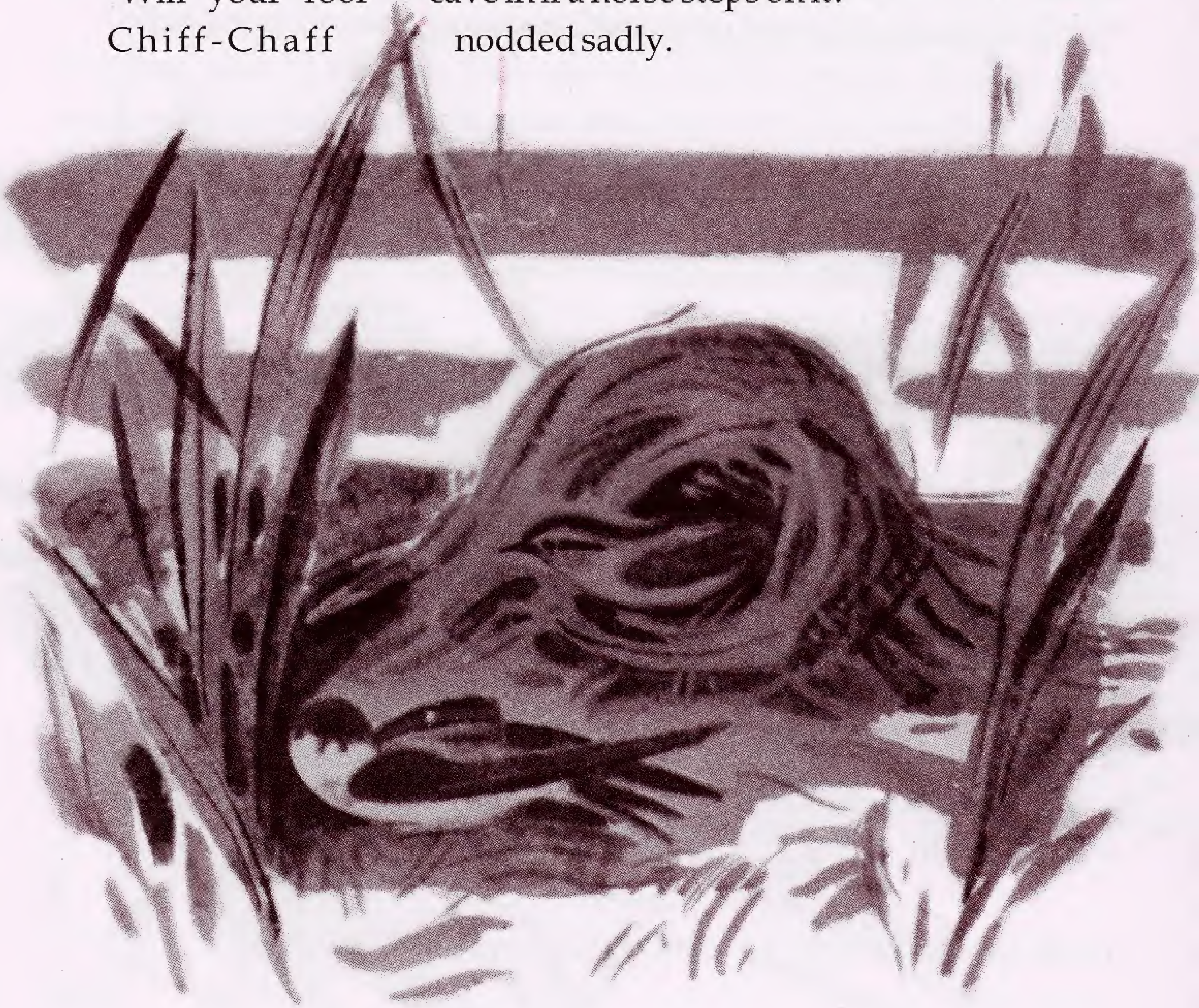


Chiff-Chaff lived in the grass near the birch tree.

Little Swallow liked her tent: it was made of dry grass and moss. "How cozy this is! It has a floor and walls, and a roof, and a feather bed. Just like our home."

Chiff-Chaff was very glad to have company. But just then, the ground began to tremble. Little Swallow was frightened. She listened to the thundering noise, but Chiff-Chaff said, "it's only some horses galloping towards the grove."

"Will your roof cave in if a horse steps on it?"
Chiff-Chaff nodded sadly.





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"Oh, this is a terrible place! " Little Swallow darted out of the tent. "I'd never be able to sleep a wink here! Our home is much safer."

"You probably have a house like Grebe's," Chiff-Chaff said. " Do you want me to take you there? "

"Yes! " And so they flew off to the lake to find Grebe. There, on a little island of reeds surrounded by water was a large-headed bird. Its head feathers stuck up like tiny horns. Chiff-Chaff said goodbye to Little Swallow.

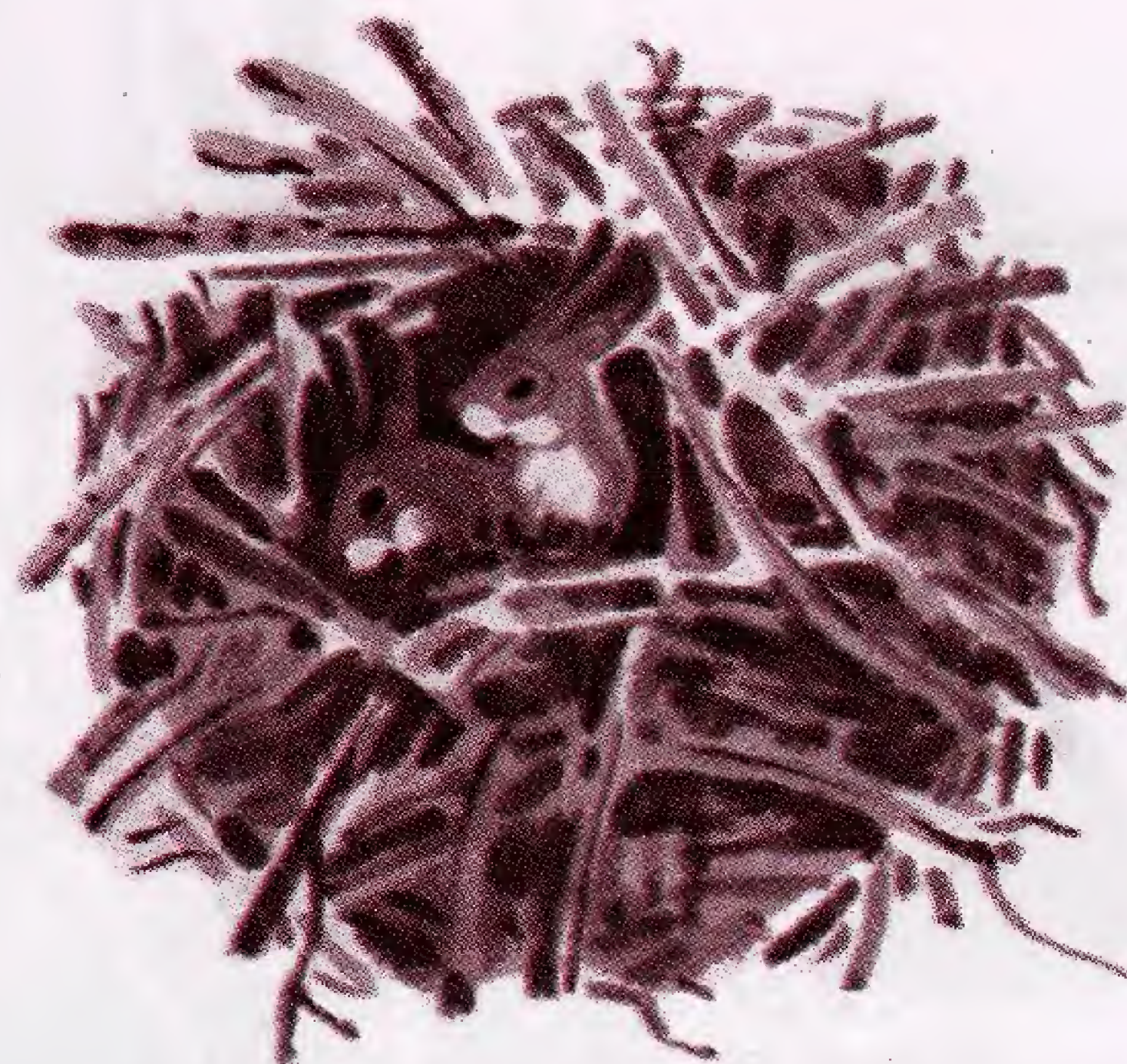
There was a dent in the middle of the pile and it was lined with soft swamp grass. Grebe's eggs were on it, Grebe was perched on the edge of the floating island, sailing around the lake as if the island was a boat.

Little Swallow asked Grebe if she could stay on the island.

"My house isn't a boat. It goes wherever the wind blows, so we'll be rocking and bobbing all night."

"I'm scared. I want to go home! "

Grebe became angry. "My! Aren't you fussy! Nothing seems to please you! Well, you go find yourself whatever you want."



Little Swallow flew off. She was weeping bitterly. Soon she found a dense house on a large branch of a tall fir tree. It was round and made of sticks and branches. The inside was lined with soft, warm moss. "Just the place I've been looking for. It's sturdy and it has a roof." Little Swallow tapped on the wall with her beak and said in a pitiful voice, "Won't you please let me in for the night? "

Suddenly a terrible brown furry head with bristling whiskers and yellow teeth appeared. The monster growled: "Since when do birds come knocking at squirrels' houses, asking to be let in? "

Little Swallow was frightened to death. Her blood froze. She darted away, soared over the wood and flew off as fast as she could, never once looking back.

She flew on and on until she had no strength to fly any farther. Then she looked down and saw a river. It was her own dear river!

She plummeted down to the river, and soared up again to the edge of the steep cliff. And there she disappeared.

The side of the cliff was dotted with holes. Each hole was a swallow's nest. She darted into it and she reached the end of it she flitted into a round, roomy den. Her mother was waiting for her there.

Tired Little Swallow slept ever so soundly that night on her own soft, warm bed of dry grass, horsehair and feathers.

Goodnight.

RED HILL

Chirp was a young red-headed sparrow. When he became a year old he married Chirpie and decided to set up house. "But, darling, where can we build our nest? " Chirpie asked in sparrow language. "All the tree hollows are occupied."

"Small matter!" Chirp replied cockily, in the sparrow language, of course. "We'll drive out our neighbours and take their hollow."

Chirp loved fighting and jumped at this chance to show Chirpie what a brave chap he was. He rushed to the hollow occupied by another young sparrow. Chirp said to himself, "I'll get into the hollow and will start screaming that he's trying to seize



my home."

Chirp poked his head into the hole!

and got a painful peck on the nose! He sprang back. And there was the master of the house himself attacking him from behind. With loud cries they clashed in the air, fell on the ground, and rolled into the ditch. Chirp was a great fighter, and his opponent was already weakening. The noise brought the old sparrows from all over the garden. It did not take them long to tell right from wrong, and they gave Chirp such a trouncing that he barely escaped with his life.

He came to in a clump of bushes where he had never been before. He ached all over. Chirpie looked terribly frightened. "Chirp, Chirp darling, we can never go back to our garden now! Where are we going to hatch our young now? "

He knew very well that from now on he must keep out of the old



sparrows' sight or they'd peck him to death. Still, he did not want Chirpie to see that he was afraid. he said with his old carefree air, "small matter ! We'll find ourselves another place, and a better one too! " And they set off to look for a new place to live.

Just behind the bushes there was a jolly, blue river, and on the opposite side the bank rose in a very, very steep hill made of red clay and sand. Near 'the top of this hill, there were lots of little holes and burrows. Magpies and windhovers sat in couples in front of the big holes, and swallows kept darting in and out of the smaller ones.

"Look, what fun they're having," Chirpie said, pointing to the flock of swallows racing this way and that. "Let's build our nest here, too." Chirp glanced nervously at the magpies and windhovers. "It's all right for the swallows, But what am I supposed to do? Start a fight to grab someone else's nest?" He ached all over again at the mere thought.

"No, I don't like it here," he said. and they flew on. Now they came to a grove, they saw a cottage and a barn.

They alighted on the roof of the barn, and the first thing Chirp noticed was that there were no birds. "Living will be fine here! " Chirp said

happily. "See all those seeds and crumbs scattered all over the yard? We'll be by ourselves here, and we won't let anyone else in."

"Oh, Chirp, look at that horrible monster over there, on the porch!" Chirpie said in a terrified whisper. The monster was Ginger, the fat Tom Cat, and true enough he was sleeping on the porch.

"Small matter! " Chirp said bravely. "What harm can he do us? Watch me give him one! " He jumped and made straight for the monster, so recklessly that Chirpie cried out in alarm. Chirp very deftly snatched a bit of bread from right under his nose. Ginger did not even stir, he only opened one eye and gave the cheeky sparrow a keen look. "You saw me? And you're scared!" Chirp said.

They decided on the large slit under the eaves, and went to work at once, fetching bits of straw first, then horsehair, down and feathers. Then Chirpie laid her first egg—a pretty little egg covered with pinkish brown flecks. Chirp was so happy that he made up a song to his wife and himself. "*Tweet-tweet, Chirpie, Chirp! Tweet, tweet, tweet!*"

The words did not mean a thing, but it was a nice song to sing when one went hopping along the fence.



When Chirpie had six eggs in her nest, she sat down to hatch them.

Chirp flew off to collect worms and flies for his wife because she needed soft, rich food now....

....A paw with outspread claws reached

out for her the moment she poked her nose out of the slit. Chirpie wrenched herself free, leaving a whole bunch of feathers in the cat's claws. What a narrow escape!



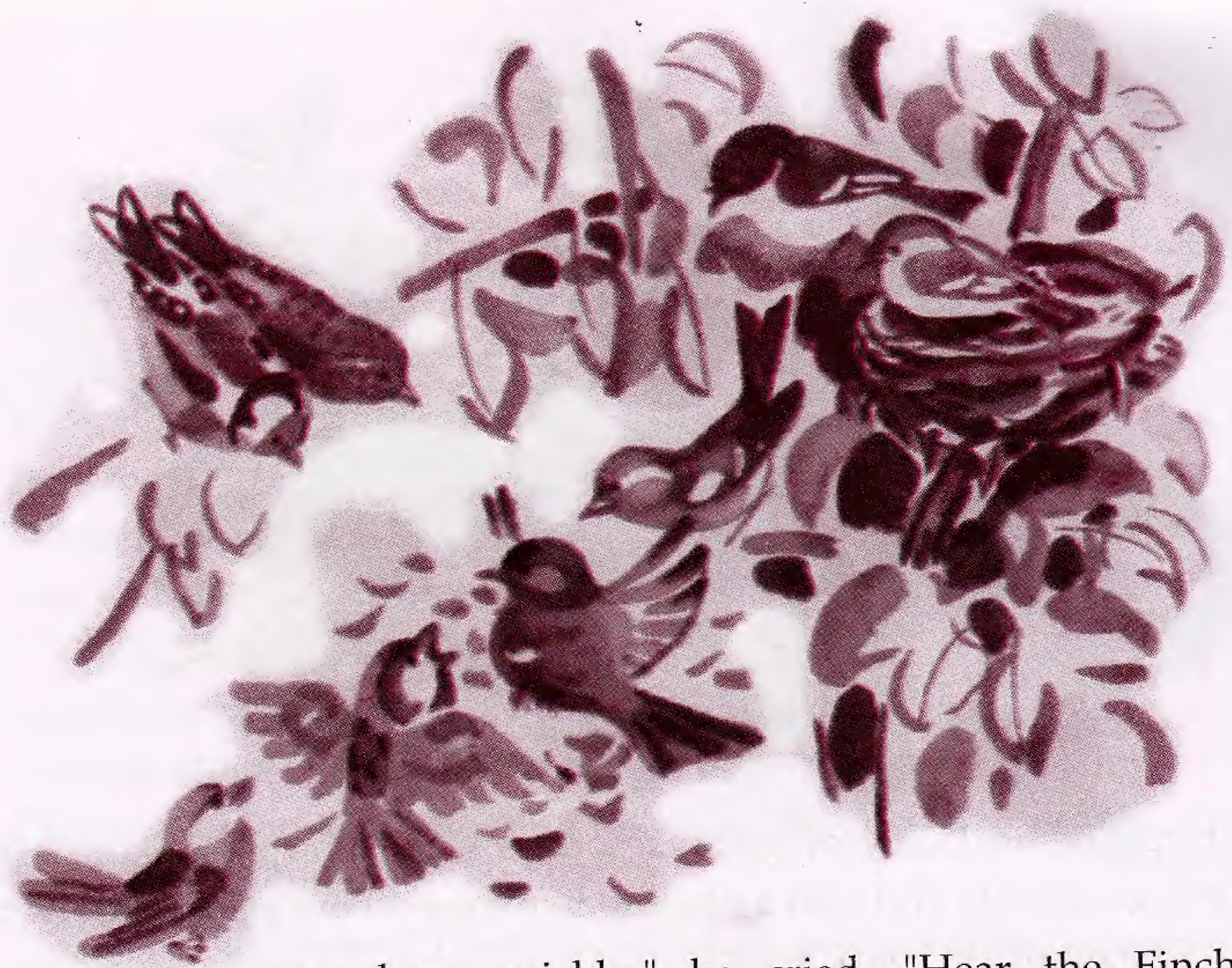
The cat thrust his paw into the slit and dragged out the whole nest. In vain Chirpie screamed, in vain Chirp threw himself at the cat – no one came to their aid. The robber calmly ate all the six eggs. The wind easily lifted the empty nest and flung it down on the ground.

That same day, Chirp and Chirpie left the barn forever, and moved to the grove, out of the cat's reach. Here they were lucky to find an empty tree hollow. they toiled for a whole week, building a new nest.

Their neighbours were Finches, Flycatchers, and Goldfinchs. There was plenty of food for all; and still Chirp managed to pick a quarrel with them.

The Finch, however, proved stronger than Chirp and taught him a good lesson. Chirp took care now - he no longer spoiled for a fight, and merely fluffed out his feathers and shouted something saucy when one of his neighbours flew past. This did not make them angry, because they themselves liked to boast of their strength and bravery in front of other birds.

...The first to raise the alarm was the Finch. Although he lived farthest from the sparrows, Chirp heard his loud warning cry: Rium-pink-pink! Rium-pink-pink!



"Chirpie, come here quickly," he cried. "Hear the Finch's warning — there's danger! "

Indeed, someone frightening was creeping up on them. The Goldfinch now gave the alarm, and after him the Flycatcher. The enemy must be quite close if the Flycatcher could see him.

They caught the flicker of fluffy ginger fur in the bushes, and their mortal enemy — Tom Cat — stepped out into the clearing. Suddenly the tip of his tail began to twitch in the grass, his eyes narrowed into slits. He licked his lips, climbed up the tree, and reached into the hollow.

Chirp and Chirpie raised a scream for all the grove to hear. Again no one came to their aid. Their neighbours kept to their nests, screaming loudly from fear.

Tom Cat got his claws into the nest and pulled it out. But this time he came too early - Chirpie had not laid any eggs yet.

Finding none, he threw the nest down in disgust, and slipped down to the ground. The sparrows screamed at him as he walked away.

Chirp and Chirpie were left to grieve over their ravished nest.



"Chirp, I'm sure I'll lay an egg in a few days' time," Chirpie spoke at last. "Let's go quickly and find a place to live somewhere across the river. We'll be safe from Tom Cat there."

She did not know there was a bridge across the river, and that Tom Cat often used it. Chirp did not know this either. "Let's go," he said.

Very soon they came to Red Hill.

"Come and stay with us!" the swallows called out to the sparrows in their own language. "Ours is a friendly, gay community!"

"That's what you say, but I bet you'll start a fight with us," Chirp said sulkily.

"Why should we fight?" the swallows replied. "There are enough midges here for everyone, and there are lots of empty holes here, on Red Hill, just take your pick!"

"And what about the windhovers? And the magpies?" Chirp went on.

"The windhovers feed on the grasshoppers and mice. They don't bother us. We're all good friends."

"We went everywhere, Chirp, but a nicer spot than this we never saw," said Chirpie. "Let's stay here."

"Oh well," Chirp said, giving in. "We might give it a try."

They went to have a look at the vacant holes. In one of them they built the nest, where Chirpie was to hatch her eggs. And in the other one, Chirp was to sleep at night.

The swallows, magpies and windhovers had long hatched their eggs. Chirpie alone still brooded in her dark nest. Chirp was busy from morning till night bringing her nice things to eat.

A fortnight passed. Tom Cat did not show up, and the sparrows forgot all about him. Chirp could not wait for the chicks to hatch. Every time he brought Chirpie a worm or a fly he asked, "Not knocking yet?"

"No, not yet."

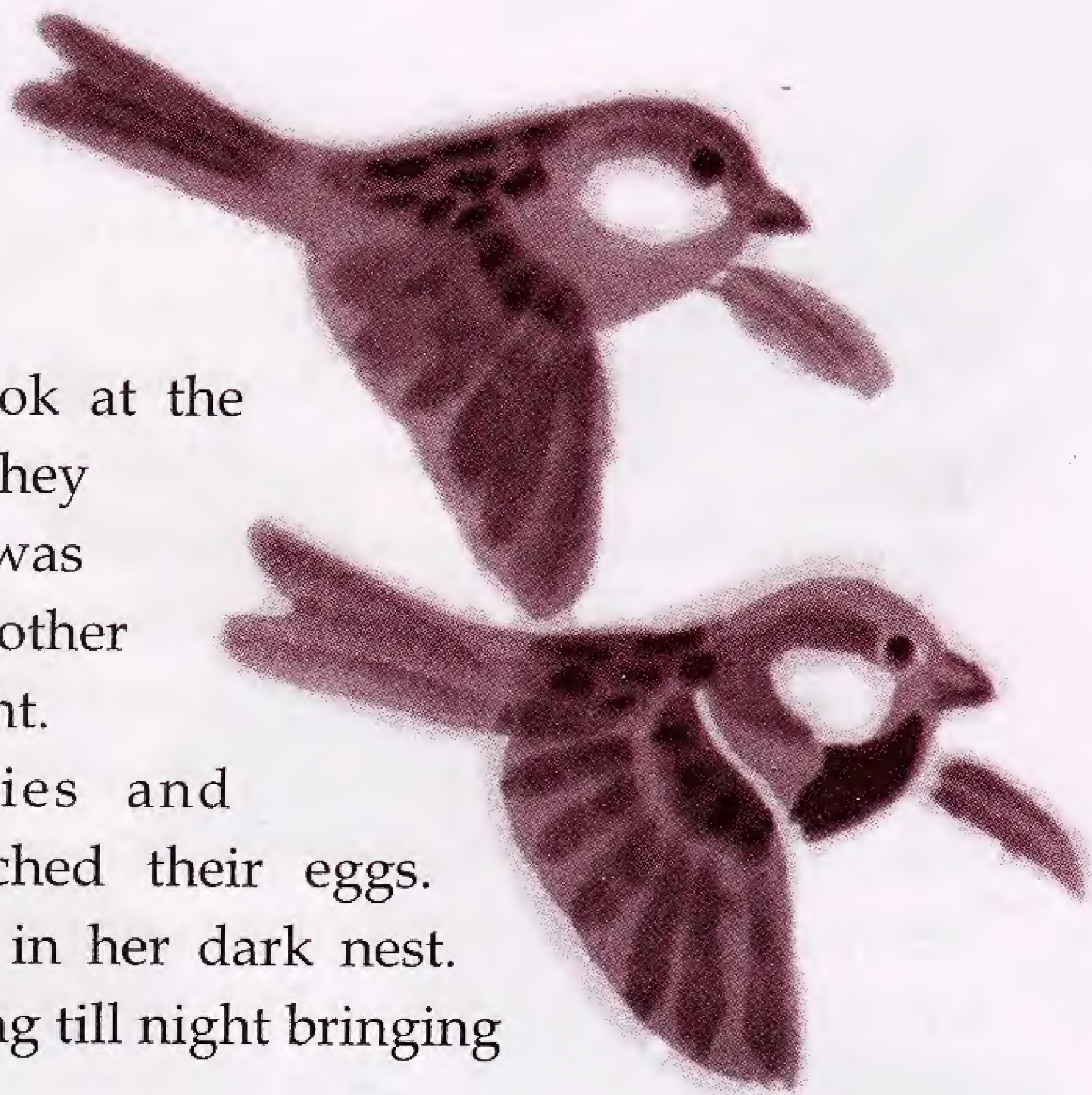
"Will they be much longer?"

"No, just a little longer," Chirpie replied patiently.

And then, one morning, Chirpie called to him from the nest, "Come quickly! One has knocked!"

Chirp came flying.

A chick was knocking at the shell with his feeble little beak. The sound was faint* but he heard it. Chirpie broke the shell in several places to help her chick.



In few minutes he showed from the egg—a tiny, blind, plucked-looking chick, with a big head wobbling on a very, very thin neck.

"Isn't he funny!" Chirp exclaimed.

"He's not funny at all." Chirpie said touchily. "He's a very pretty chick. Now chuck those eggshells as far as you can." By the time Chirp came back, a second chick had hatched.

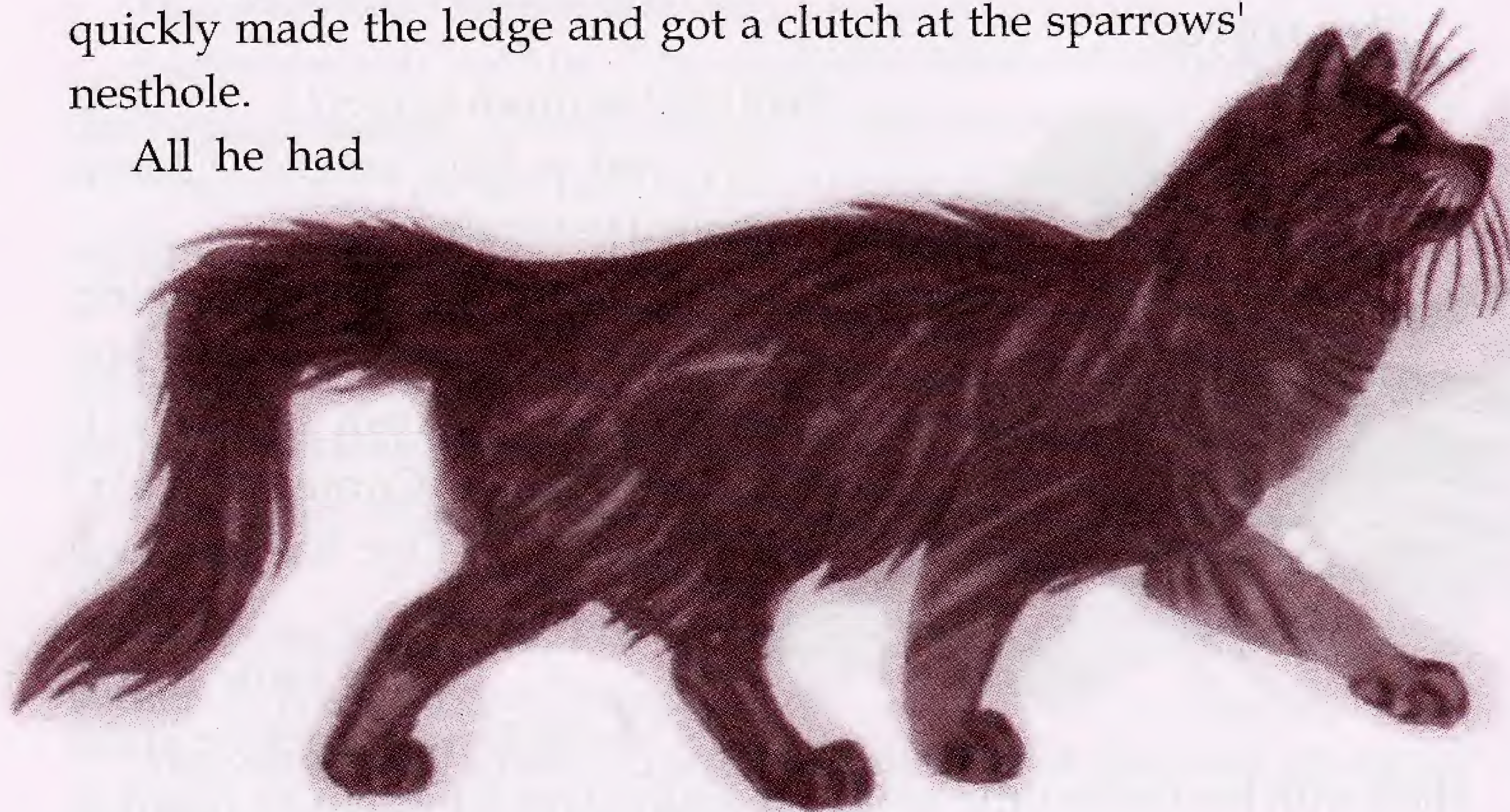
It was at that precise moment that panic swept Red Hill. From their nest they heard the shrill cries of the swallows.

Chirp jumped outside and returned at once with the awful news that Tom Cat was scrambling up the bank. Chirp cried. "He'll be here before we know it, and he'll get us together with the chicks. Be quick, let's fly away from here!"

"I'm not coming," Chirpie replied sadly. Whatever will be, will be." She remained deaf to Chirp's calls, and did not budge.

Chirp madly attacked the enemy. But Tom Cat still went on scrambling up the bank. The swallows circled angrily just overhead, the magpies and windhovers joined them, but Tom Cat quickly made the ledge and got a clutch at the sparrows' nesthole.

All he had







to do now was thrust in his other front paw and pull out the nest together with Chirpie, the chicks and the eggs.

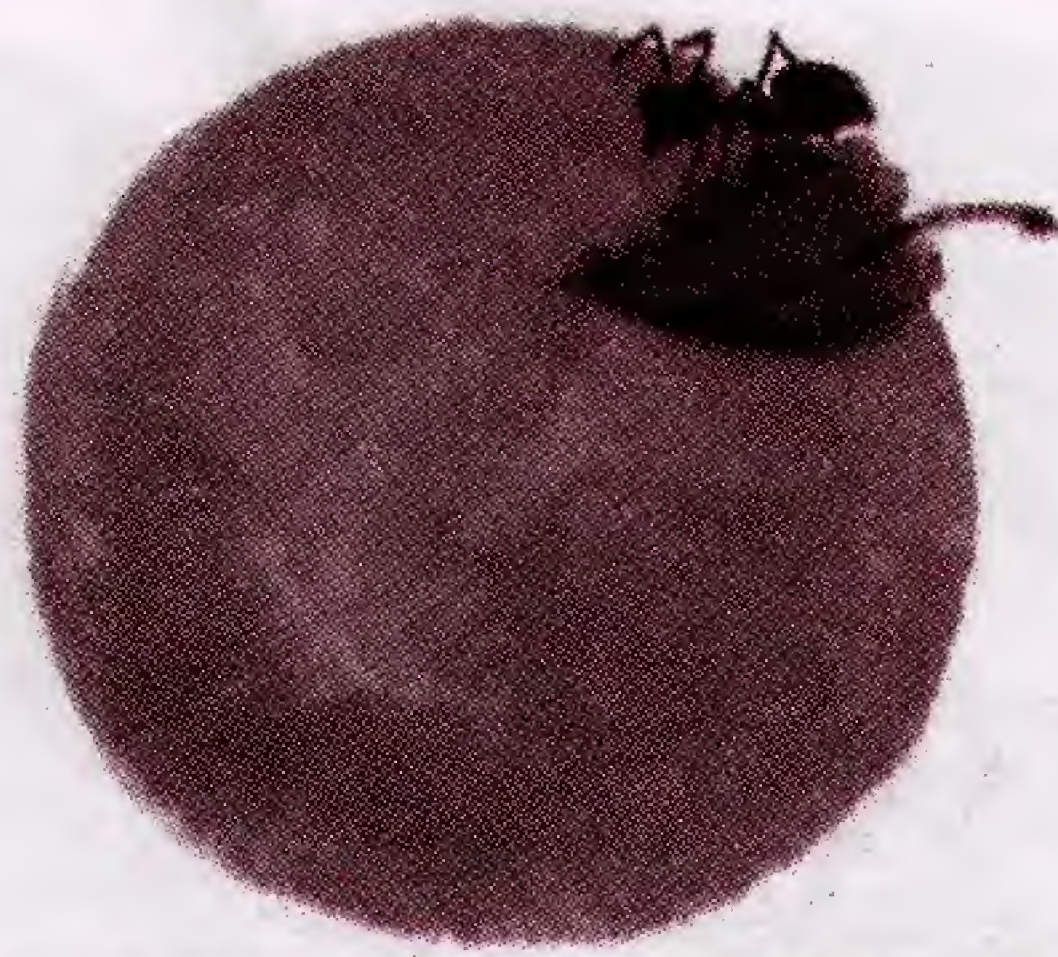
And here one of the windhovers pecked his tail and another gave him a hard peck on the head, while two of the magpies struck at his back. Tom Cat spat from the pain, swung round to catch the birds with his front paws, but they ducked, and he went tumbling down. There was nothing for him to catch hold of.

The birds could not see him in the cloud of red dust rushing down the steep hill. Plop! Then they saw Tom Cat's wet head bobbing in the middle of the river, with Chirp hovering behind and pecking it.

Tom Cat swam to the opposite bank and climbed out. Chirp was on to him again, never leaving him alone. Tom Cat had such a scare, that he did not dare make a grab at the sparrow, and sticking out his wet tail, galloped home.



He was never seen on Red Hill again.



ANT HURRIES HOME

Ant climbed to the very top of the birch tree and looked down. He sat down on a leaf and said to himself, "I'll rest here for a while and then climb back down again."

The rules of an ant family are very strict: as soon as the sun begins to set all the ants must hurry home. If an ant is late, he has to spend the night outdoors. "I have plenty of time. It won't take long to run down," he said to himself.

The leaf he was sitting on was yellow and dry. A sudden gust of wind tore it off the branch and carried it over. Ant hung on to the leaf for dear life. The wind carried it to a meadow and there it fell, right onto a rock. The bump hurt Ant's legs. "I'll never get back home now. If my legs didn't hurt, I'd get back home in no time..." Ant looked around and saw an inchworm. It had legs in front and legs in back.

"Won't you take me home? All my legs ache," Ant said.

"All right. Get on."

Ant climbed onto Inchworm's back. Inchworm curved his back and brought his rear legs forward. He set them down behind his front legs so that his tail was right behind his head. Then he suddenly raised his front legs off the ground and into the air. Then he flopped down. And that is how he moved forward. Meanwhile, Ant was flying up and down, up and down, legs up and head down over and over again. "I can't take this any more! Stop or I'll bite you!"



Inchworm stopped and stretched out on the ground. Ant jumped off. He could hardly catch his breath. He looked around and saw a meadow covered with mown grass. Daddy-long-legs was walking along there. His legs were like stilts and his head bobbed up and down between them. "Spider, won't you take me home? All my legs ache."

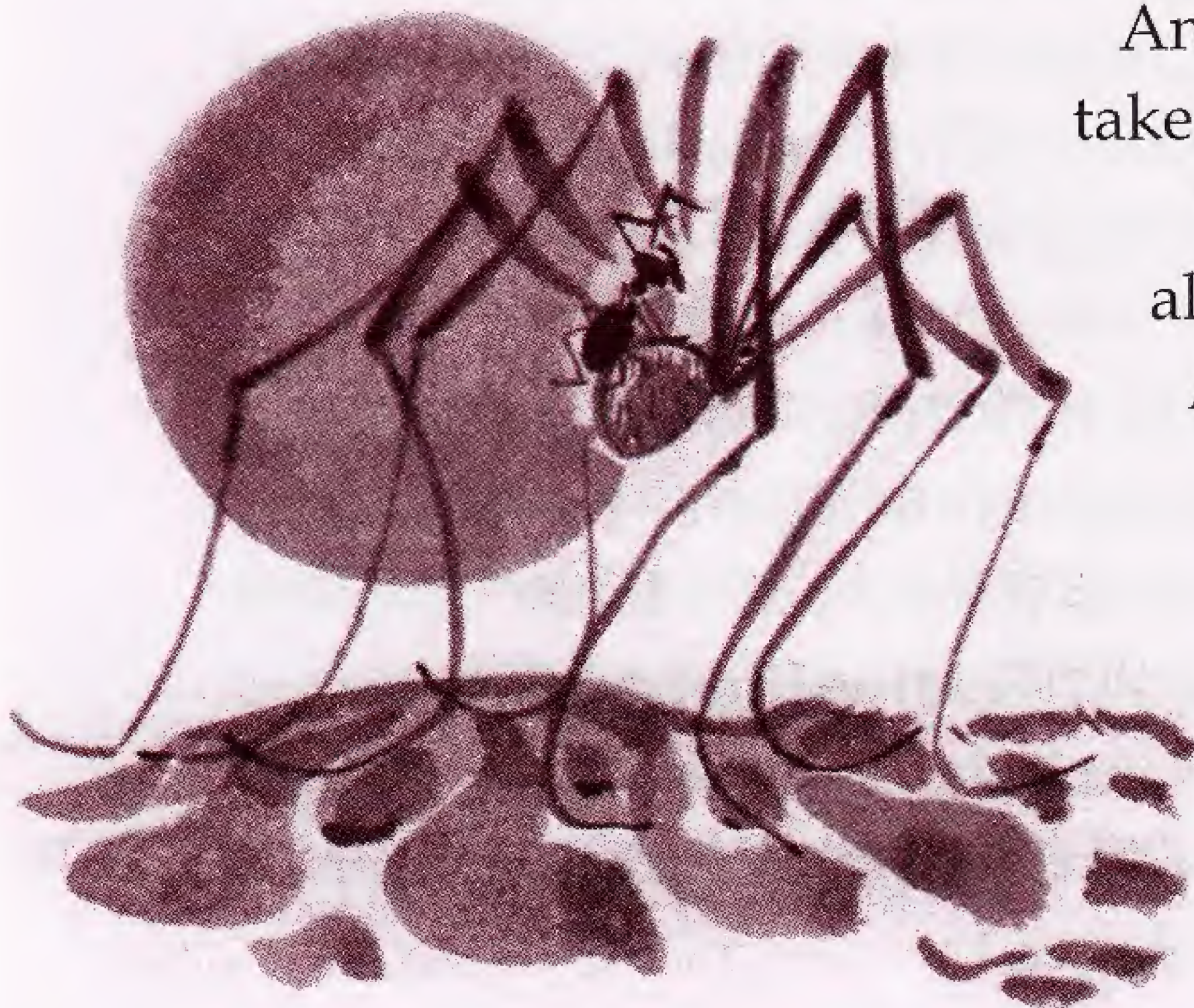
"All right, get on."

Ant had to climb up Spiders' leg as far as the knee, and then slide down his knee to his back. Spider began moving his stilts every which way, one here, the other there.

Ant soon got tired of this kind of a piggy-back ride. He was just getting ready to bite Spider when they reached a smooth, even path.

Spider stopped. "Get off. See that beetle? It's much faster than I am."

Ant got off. "Beetle, Beetle, won't you take me home? All my legs ache."



"All right, get on. You can come along for the ride." No sooner had Ant scrambled onto Beetle's back, than they were off at top speed. The six-legged steed galloped along as smoothly as if it were flying. They soon reached a potato field. "Get off. I can't manage these up-and-down

rows. They're too steep for me. You'd better find another horse."

He had to get off. The potato vines might just as well have been a jungle. It would have taken him a whole day to cross the field, even if his legs did not ache. Then Ant heard a squeak: "Come on, Ant, get on my back and we'll be off!" Ant turned to see who it was. He saw a little flea. "You'll never get me off the ground. See how small you are!"

"You think you're so big? Come on, get on." Ant finally managed to get himself seated on Flea's back, though his legs hung over the sides.

"Hang on." Flea tucked his strong hind legs under him. When they were folded up they were just like little springs. Click! Flea hopped to the top of a row. Click! They were on another row.

"Can you hop over the fence?" Ant asked.

"No, it's too high. Ask Grasshopper. He can."

"Grasshopper, won't you take me home? All my legs ache."

"Get on." Ant got on Grasshopper's back.

Grasshopper folded his hind legs in half and then quickly straightened them out. This sent him high into the air, But then Grasshopper suddenly opened his wings with a great crackling sound and flew over the fence. They settled to the ground on the other side.

"This is as far as I'm going. You'll have to get off here."

Ant saw a river ahead. He would never be able to swim across it. The sun was much lower now.





"I can't jump across the river, either. It's too broad. But wait! I'll call Waterbug! He'll ferry you across," Grasshopper said. He made a sawing sound. Soon a little boat on legs came gliding. When it got closer Ant saw it was not a boat at all. It was Waterbug. "Waterbug, won't you take me home? All my legs ache."

"All right, get on." As soon as Ant had got on Waterbug's back, he set off across the water, just as if he were walking on land. "Can't you go any faster? Please try. They won't let me in if I'm late."

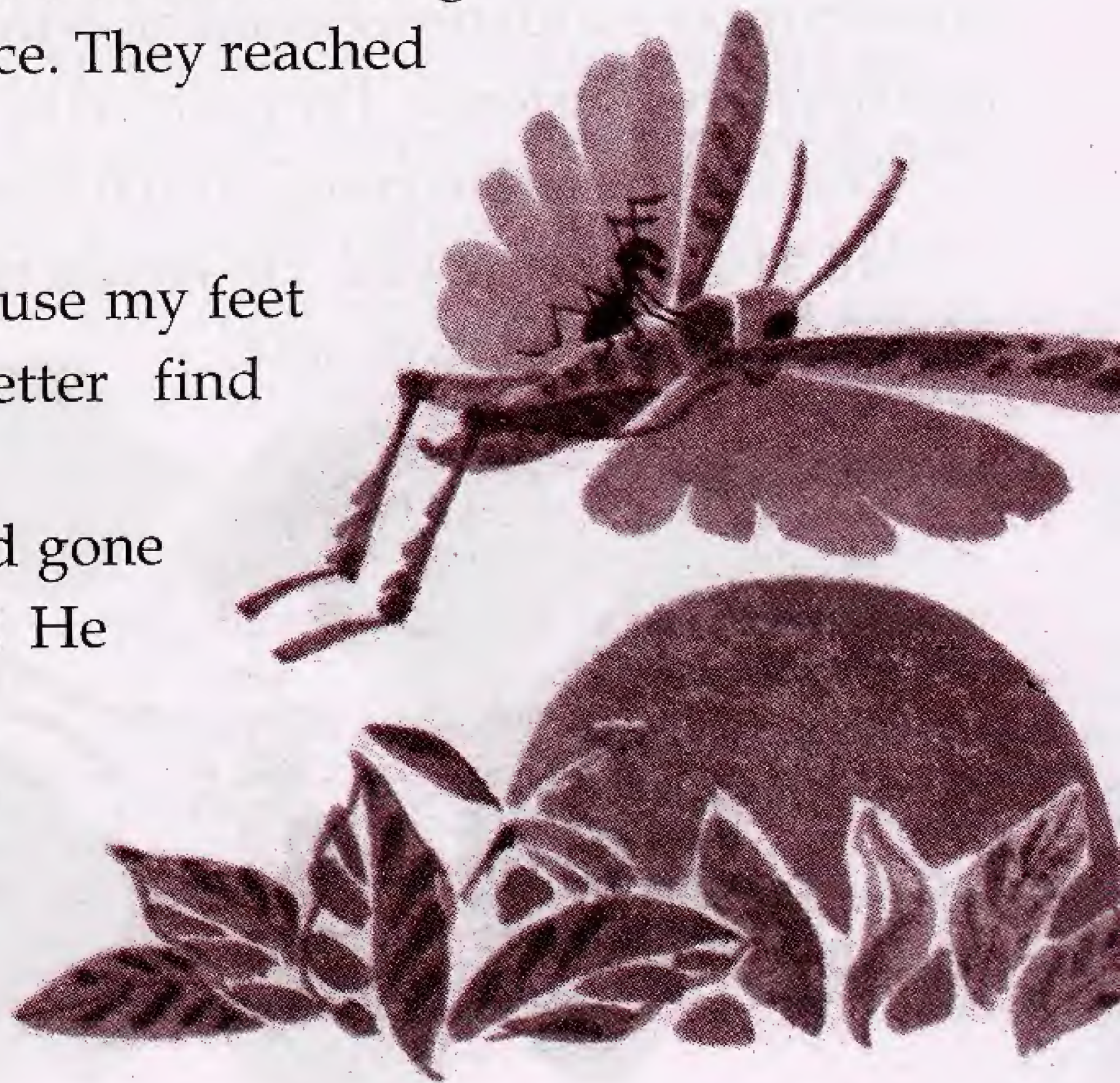
"I'll try," Waterbug said and scurried along as fast as he could, shoving hard with his hind legs and then sliding along as if he were skating on ice. They reached the other bank in no time.

"Can't you walk on land?"

"No. It's awfully hard, because my feet don't glide there. You'd better find yourself another horse."

Ant looked up. The sun had gone down behind the trees. Alas! He would never be home on time.

"There's a horse for you coming our way," Waterbug said. Indeed, there was big clumsy Maybug. No, that





sort of a horse would never do! Still, Ant took Waterbug's advice and said, "Maybug, Maybug, won't you take me home? All my legs ache."

Ant climbed up Maybug's hard side.

"Where are you?"

"On your back."

"Silly! Get on my head." Ant climbed onto Maybug's head. It was a good thing he did, because a moment later Maybug's back split in two to make two hard wings that were just like two upside-down scoops. Then a pair of silky, transparent wings opened up from under them. They were longer and wider than the hard top wings. "Huff, huff, huff!" went Maybug, puffing away as if he was starting up a motor.

"Can't you hurry, please? Please?" Maybug did not reply. He just went on huffing. Then his transparent little underwings began to move. Faster and faster they went. Zzz! Zzz! Tuck-tuck-tuck! Maybug rose straight up into the air. Ant saw the rim of the sun touching the earth. Tuck-tuck-tuck! Maybug cut through the air like a bullet.

Then there was the birch tree and the anthill at its foot. Maybug turned off his motor and plopped down on one of the branches.

"How will I get down? My legs ache. I'll surely break my neck."

He said, "I'm not going to take you down. You ants bite too hard. So you'd better manage as best as you can."

Ant looked around, but all he saw were leaves and branches. He would never reach home in time. And he couldn't dive down!



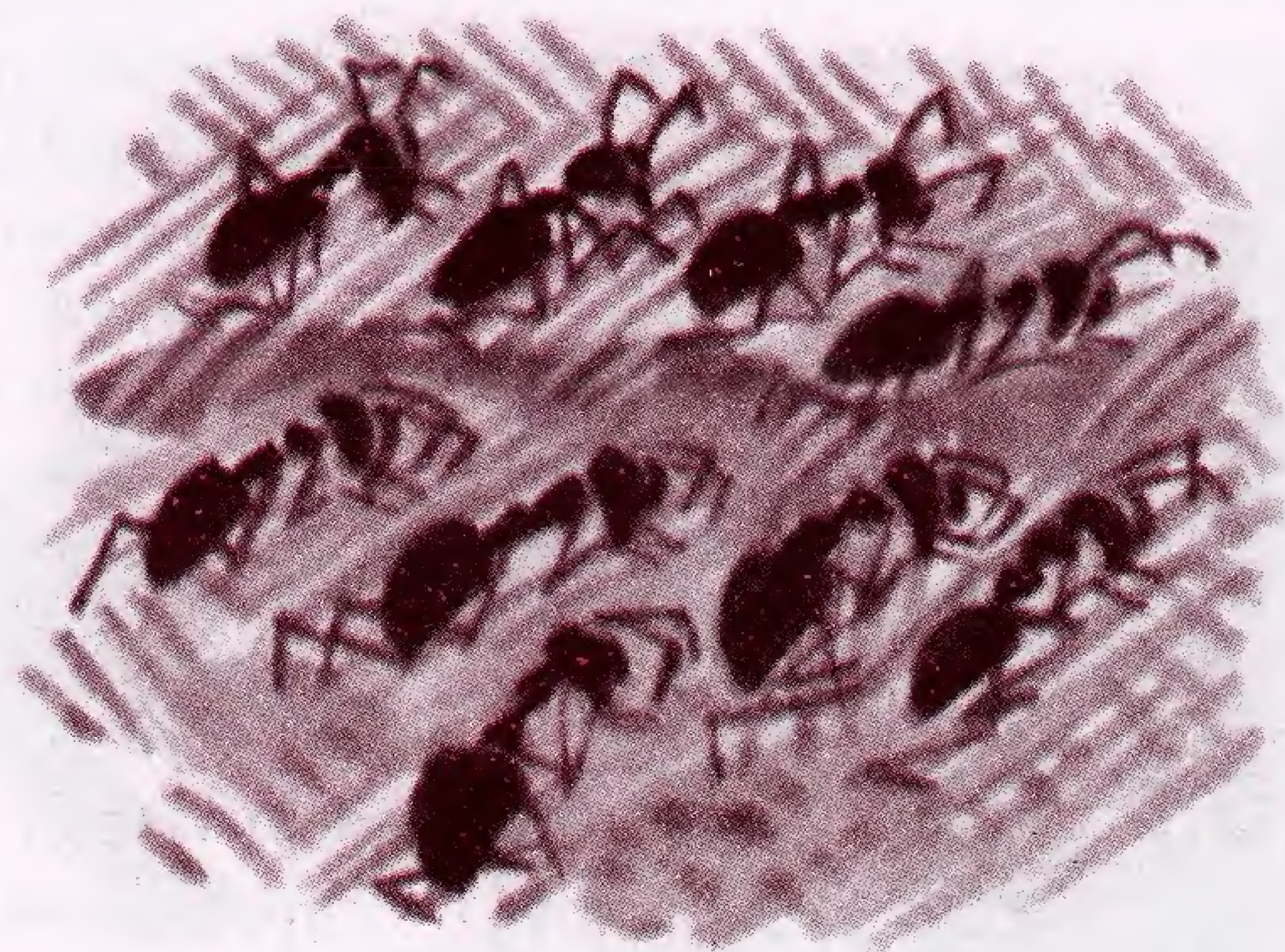
Suddenly he saw Caterpillar on a leaf close by, spinning a silken thread and winding it around a little twig. "Caterpillar, won't you help me get down? I'll have to spend the night outdoors if I'm late."

"Don't bother me. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Everyone helped me. No one chased me away. You're the only one who doesn't want to." At this Ant jumped at Caterpillar and bit him.

Caterpillar was taken by surprise. He curled up and rolled off the leaf. Ant held on tight. They didn't fall far, because something jerked and held them. The thread was attached to a twig high above them. Ant and Caterpillar swung back and forth and the thread kept getting longer and longer, stretching, yet never tearing.

Meanwhile, all the ants in the anthill were busy covering up the



entrances to their tunnels. Soon all but one were closed.

Ant scrambled off Caterpillar and dashed inside. At that very moment the sun set.

THE FIRST HUNT

Puppy was sick and tired of chasing chickens around the yard. "I'm going to track down wild birds and beasts," he decided. So he ran toward the meadow.

As he ran about, wild beasts and birds and insects saw him. And each began to think, "U can easily protect myself."

Meanwhile Puppy had run up to the pond and spied Bittern, standing by the reeds on one leg. The water reached to her knee.

"O-ho! " thought Puppy, "I'll catch her right now." He poised himself to spring onto her back. But Bittern glanced at him and strode into the reeds.



The wind whipped about the pond. The reeds bent and swayed

back and forth

back and forth,

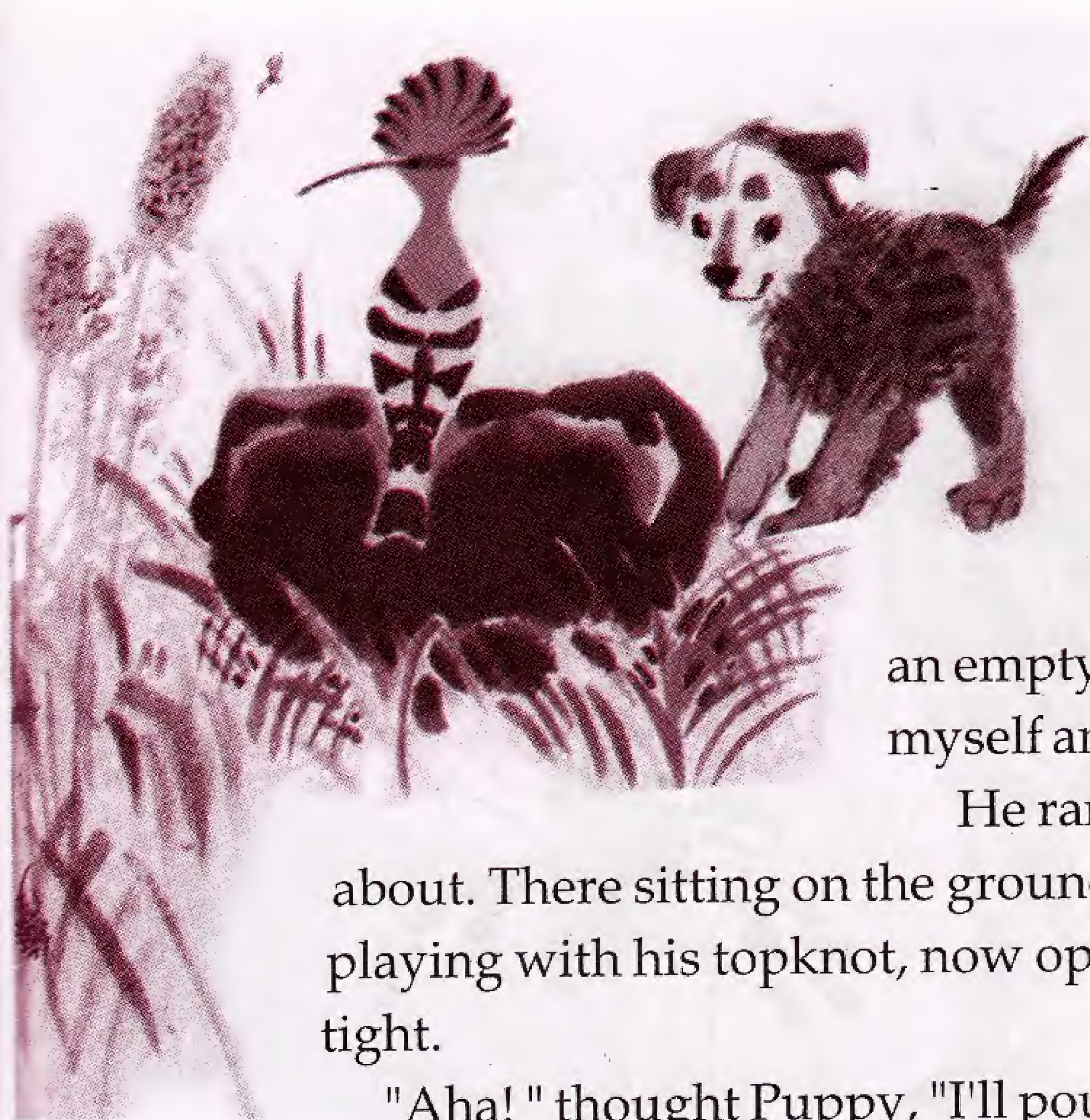
Brown and yellow stripes swayed before Puppy's eyes

back and forth

back and forth.

Puppy opened his eyes wide and stared and stared, but he could not spot Bittern in the reeds. "Huh," he Thought, "Bittern has tricked me. I'm not about to jump into





an empty patch of reeds! I'll just catch myself another kind of bird,"

He ran over to a hillock and gazed about. There sitting on the ground was Hoopoe. The bird was playing with his topknot, now opening it wide, now closing it tight.

"Aha!" thought Puppy, "I'll pounce on him from this hillock right now!"

But Hoopoe fell to the ground, spread his wings, opened his tail, and raised his beak in the air. Puppy stared. There was no bird at all,





only a many-coloured rag from which a crooked needle protruded. Puppy marvelled. What had become of Hoopoe? "Could I really have taken this coloured rag for a bird? I'll hurry off and catch a small bird!"

He dashed over to a tree and sure enough, a small bird was perched on one of its branches, Wryneck.

Puppy rushed at her, but Wryneck scuttled into a hollow in the tree.

"Oho!" thought Puppy. "I have her now!" He stood up on his hind legs and peeked into the hollow. There in the black hole a black snake writhed and hissed terribly!

Puppy leaped back. His fur stood on end and he took to his heels. Wryneck hissed at him from the hollow tree. She twisted her head, and all along her back, like a snake, coiled a stripe of black feathers.

"Woof! What'a.fright! My legs hardly carried me away in time! I'm not going to hunt birds anymore. I'd do better to catch a lizard."

Lizard sat on a rock, eyes closed, warming herself in the sun. Quietly Puppy crept toward her — then leaped — and grabbed her by the tail.

Lizard jerked away, leaving her tail in Puppy's clenched teeth, and crawled under the rock. The tail wriggled between Puppy's teeth.

Puppy snorted, dropped the tail, and made for Lizard. Where had she gone?

"Well," thought Puppy, "if Lizard has given me the slip, I'll just catch



some insects."

He looked around. There were beetles, grasshoppers, caterpillars & butterflies.

Puppy took off after them, but all of a sudden everything about him changed. It was like a special picture: all were right there, but he couldn't see them.

Green grasshoppers hid in the grass. Caterpillars stretched themselves along branches and laid very still.

Butterflies alighted on trees, closing their wings. There was no way to tell which was the bark, which the leaves, and which the butterflies.

Only tiny Bombardier Beetle crawled along the ground and did not hide. Puppy chased after him. But Bombardier Beetle fired a quick sharp stream at the pup..It went right up his nose!



Puppy yelped and turned around; tail between his legs, he ran, over the meadow and under the gate.

He hid in the kennel and was afraid even to poke his nose out the door for a long, long time.

But the beasts and the birds and the insects once again went about their business, each in his own way.



These are simple stories about birds &
others animals.

Yet they tell us many things about them.

Their habits, their friends,
foes & their habitat.

It's Second best way to learn nature.

